FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

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Fellowship in Prayer's purpose is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

EDITORIAL

NOTES FOR A FIRST REPORT

Having attended the November meeting of the new prayer group in Burlington, North Carolina, which Emily Councilman and Maud Oaks guided into being, we want to share some of that experience —without, however, embarrassing any of the participants, so I will omit all names from here on.

The group was brought together on the conviction that it could be successful only inasmuch as it became what its members desired it to be. No pressure was exerted on anybody to attend. Word was simply passed around among friends and acquaintances that such a group could be created if anyone was interested in one. As people let their interest be known, it was decided, since some of these worked at daily jobs, to hold the meetings at the end of the afternoon, From that it was a natural step for these sociable Southerners to decide, too, to follow the meeting with a covered-dish supper.

At five-thirty, which is quite a dark hour in November in Burlington, the participants began to arrive. All of them turned out to be women. This fact was not the result of planning but of

the voluntary way in which the meeting was set up, women chatting with women and passing on the word; it also was obviously the result of local custom, since in the South men and women seem to have more separate social activities than is common up north. (One man did wish to attend, but he was dissuaded finally not because of sex but because he happened to be a retired minister whose presence was very likely to guarantee everybody else's sitting back and letting him lead as he always did in church.) The women all knew each other and greeted each other easily, each one going first to the kitchen with her covered dish and then entering the living-room to join the others. On this particular day, twelve attended. Two were black women, one of whom, with failing eyesight, was led in by a daughter and a grandson who saw that she was seated, and shook hands with everybody and took their leave.

A brief prayer by one of the members opened the meeting. One member takes on the responsibility for this and for closing the meeting. (No attendance is kept and there are no dues or collections.) Another looks after the kitchen: sees to it in some mysterious female fashion that the covered dishes provide a well-rounded meal instead of a dozen desserts or meat-courses, makes coffee, supplies napkins and silverware where needed. Other than this, no one guides the meeting in any standard formal way.

The meeting, existing for the sake of those who attend it, becomes no more and no less than what they want to make it. Today a stylish white-haired lady starts to talk. She has been meditating on the words "Thy Kingdom come." (Evidently at the previous meeting someone recommended this.) She is talking about how she came to understand the meaning of these words after her only son was seriously burned in an accident and how she got on her knees and prayed to the Lord to help her accept—"Not my will but thine"—and how acceptance came to her even though her son died. She speaks as if to her most intimate friends, with tears in her eyes. Her purpose is to witness to the power of her prayer at that worst time in her life. She wants to share her strength with the the others there.

And so, the meeting begins. . . . Perhaps in a future issue, I will have space enough to report more of that special experience on that wintry afternoon in Burlington.

—P.G.

RHODA HUNG

(1894 - 1972)

It is with the deepest sorrow that Fellowship in Prayer announces the death—in her sleep last December 15—of Advisor Rhoda Hung, the wife of President Emeritus William Hung.

Mrs. Hung was born on November 3, 1894, in Pao-an in the Province of Kwang-tung in China. Her parents moved to Honolulu while she was a baby, and she received her elementary education there. She graduated from high school in Berkeley, California, and went on to Wheaton College in Massachusetts for her B.A. and to Columbia Teachers' College for her M.A. In 1920 she married Dr. Hung in a ceremony at which the late Dr. Ralph W. Sockman and Bishop Ralph A. Ward officiated. The Hungs made their home in Peiping, China, where Dr. Hung made his great reputation as a scholar and teacher and also served as dean of the Arts and Sciences of Yenching University. After the Japanese War, they settled at Harvard in Cambridge, Mass., which has been their home ever since. While in China, Mrs. Hung was active on the Board of Trustees of the YWCA in Peking. In Boston she was Vice President of the International Institute. She was an adept fund-raiser for organizations in this country and China. In 1960 Wheaton College presented her with its Alumnae Service Award "in recognition of her notable contribution as a hostess and friend in promoting understanding and good will among Chinese and American young people."

Both Dr. and Mrs. Hung were active in Fellowship in Prayer since its beginning in 1949. After the death of its founder Carl A. Evans, they helped Kathryn Brown—taking her into their home on various occasions and making her part of their family—in getting the Fellowship established.

In recent years Mrs. Hung's health failed, but she stayed active right up until the last. She spent the evening before her death in writing Christmas messages to relatives and friends.

The Fellowship extends its sympathy to Dr. Hung and family. Mrs. Hung will be missed in every possible way. — K.G.B.

PRAYER

FOR A NEW YEAR

Charleen Cook

Son of God and Son of Man,
Hear our silent pleading!
Lend to us a helping hand
In an age of needing.
Blend our feeble, fading sight
In Thy glorious seeing,
For it is combined with Thee
That we have our being.

We have seen the dreams we built
Fall with mighty crashes,
Watched the worlds we made alone
Turn to dust and ashes.
Half-remembered, half-forgot,
Long-discarded Master,
Save the child who fled Thy house
And has met disaster.

We cannot afford to wait
For considered favor.
Death is crouching at the door,
Springing while we waver.
We will move without Thy help,
But in what direction?
How can we evade our doom,
Far from Thy protection?

Streaking through our wilderness,
Joy is fleet as sorrow;
Love is found in rock-and-roll;
Time's a thing to borrow,
Freedom has become a chain
Only He can sever,
Jesus, who alone exists
And exists forever!

THE URGENT ISSSUES

OF RELIGION AND PEACE *Robert Vachon*

The urgent issues

The urgent issues, in the Western mind, are defined as being those of *disarmament* (including all exterior weapons of destruction), *development*, i.e., bridging the gap between rich and poor (rich and poor being primarily understood in a material, economic, technological sense), and *human rights* (based on the Western view of the person as being an "entity" distinct from others, from nature, from God).

"Religion," in the Western view, is usually taken to mean "institutional groups" or "representatives" of a doctrine or way of life which is identifiable as distinct from other doctrines or ways of life.

It seems to me that this Western vision is a true and valid one. But it is only a partial vision. There is also another vision of "Religion and Peace" which is to be found in the deepest, often-times unreflexive convictions and ideals of such civilizations as the Amerindian, the African, the Hindu, the Chinese, let us say the "Eastern" civilizations, and which has hardly reached the heart, mind and soul of Western man, and which is having even more difficulty in reaching us today because so many of the modern leaders of such civilizations are if not completely at least in part more or less unconscious heirs and propagators of the Western view.

The urgent issues, in the Eastern mind, are of a quite different order. They are: *dispossession and simplicity* (exterior and interior), *the discovery and unfoldment of man* (as a part and as a whole: who am I?), and *human duty* (based on the Eastern view of the person and of man as being the whole of mankind, a harmony with the community, with nature, with God, to the point of non-duality).

"Religion," in the Eastern view, is merely the outside, superficial manifestation of spiritual experience and of human life.

From disarmament to dispossession and simplicity as an ideal of civilization.

While we should go on denouncing the arms race, we should denounce with the same vigor that which is at the very root of the arms race: *the race for acquiring, under any form.* There is an internal armament of oppression which we use daily without being aware of it and which is destroying mankind more insidiously than any physical weapon: *it is the Western conception of man as being primarily an acquisitive being.* It is taken for granted that man needs *much* to live and needs always *more.*

But what would happen if we were to start considering man as needing little or nothing to be man? What if we were to start thinking that the ideal man is also the man who can do without? . . . that the ideal of civilization is not only to acquire material or intellectual goods, but also to do or rather to be without them? The ideal man would also be the simple man, the poor man who is so by choice because of inward richness; who needs no shoes, no fork, no books, no life insurance policy, because his life and strength are within; who does not need to run everywhere, because he is fully here; who is non reflexive and not critical because fully aware; who is silent because of inner fullness; who is free from desires because of inward peace; who reduces work, not out of laziness, but because of his awareness that there is another way of mastering the world besides working and transforming it: by understanding it, by being mastered by it, by flowing with it in harmony. The ideal man: not only *homo faber* but *homo contemplativus.*

In such a context, who are the rich nations? Maybe, also, the "have not" nations. And who are the poor nations? Maybe, also, the rich productive nations. "Bridging the gap between poor and rich nations" can mean quite a different thing from what we understand by it at the current time.

It can mean that we, the "poor" (i.e., the rich nations) can learn from "the rich" (i.e., the poor nations) how to dispossess ourselves , how to do without, how to truly live with little or nothing, how to live even in physical death, how to live with empty

pockets and a full heart. We might then strike a death blow at the core of the armaments race: the assumption that man cannot live without ever having more. We might find that it is just as urgent for the rich to learn to dispossess themselves and live simply as it is for the famished to have bread. There is a famine of the stomach, but worse still is the famine of the heart and soul.

From development, growth, and progress to discovery, zero-growth, and unfoldment of man as he is.

We suffer from "growthmania". So busy are we, trying to build, to "develop," to "construct the city of man" that we lose contact with the reality of man's being, i.e., that he is, and that his value does not primarily consist always in doing or creating or in "newness," "evolution," "transformation," but also in simply being. We start with the assumption that man's being is other than what man is. No wonder man is driving himself mad out of himself. No wonder he considers "no growth" economies and cultures as "dead." We are bypassing the very core of man: his being.

International development and cooperation can be viewed in a different light. Instead of going to the "poor nations" to "bring," to "give," and to "teach more," we might think of going to the so-called poor nations to learn how to live and how to be. We might then use our financial resources not only to pay our technical advisors to teach them but to pay Africans and Asians to come to North America and Europe in order to teach us how to live simply, how to relate with people and with nature. We might even venture beyond the Westernized universities and hotels of Africa and Asia to live among and learn from the peasants, the people, not an outmoded rural life, but values of civilization which we have systematically bypassed and ignored and sometimes destroyed during the past centuries. It is just as urgent for the "rich" nations to learn from the "poor" nations how to live and to be as it is for the poor nations to learn from us how to "progress" and "develop."

We might even embark on a project of lower productivity, lower consumption, in the economic and educational fields, and

look upon "no growth" as something which is as important as "growth." We might not always think of a stationary-state economy as suicidal, and discover movement and growth in silence and stillness, in the quiet recess of the cave of the heart.

From human rights to human duty (Eastern sense)

We take for granted that man or a person is an entity *distinct* from the rest of creation and from the uncreated. The person is sacred. By that, we mean that the distinctiveness, the originality of each man is the sovereign value. When applied to groups, nations, states, individual lives, we have a *declaration of human rights.*

But what if we were to start considering the person also as *relation to* and *harmony with* the cosmos, and finally as *non-duality* with the community, with nature, with God. . . . What if we were to define each man as being mankind itself, all encompassing? We might then become as keen to make a *declaration of the duty* of man towards humanity, towards nature, towards community, towards God, as we are to make a declaration of human rights.

In any affirmation of a human right, there is always an inherent dualism: one always considers the other as *"other."* One never considers the other as one's "very self." Peace requires both. That is why implementation of human rights needs to be balanced by implementation of human duties (in the Eastern sense), which is based on the intuition of the other as being one's very self, or on the intuition of the self as being ultimately the community and the Whole.

There will never be a meeting and community of nations, cultures, religions, races, as long as they consider each other merely as "other."

If we fight only for the human rights of each and all men, we shall inevitably bring about the fragmentation of man into millions of juxtaposed, coexisting and finally disconnected egos: national sovereignty egos, religious supremacy egos, black and white egos, ideological egos, all in the name of the sacred rights of man. We shall isolate ourselves from our humanity, set up just

contractual relationships which can never fulfill our hearts' desire for communion, multiply legal securities, techniques, procedures, etc., which can never replace the security of being considered as another person's true self.

We need to experience each nation, each culture, each religion, each person, not only as other, but also as our very self, as a constitutive part of being. The Eastern vision expresses this in strong terms: your true self is mankind; your nation is the whole world; your culture is world civilization; your religion is the religion of the whole world, the religion of Man.

Some may object: we must not force cultures and religions on people. True. But this appears so only when we consider cultures and religions merely as other than what we are. However, when we understand them to be a constitutive part of our true self, then, nothing is forced; we recover all dimensions of our being, of our culture, of our religion. That is why it is so important to educate man to experience the whole world as his own world, to experience culture as his own patrimony, to experience other men as his very own self.

United Nations

Nations will never unite merely on the basis of implementation of each other's human rights. On that basis, they will only co-exist and they will continue affirming the principle of sovereignty of the rights of nations. No amount of contractual understanding between nations will ever unite them into a world community. The reason is simple: they consider each other only as other when they affirm each other's rights. What they need also is to consider each other as their very self: to understand that the true self of a nation is mankind as a whole; what we need is more than a United Nations each affirming its own right in respect of the rights of others; we need a "world community" where individuals, nations, cultures, as such, consider it as important to their "self" survival to give priority to the world over nations, as it is to affirm their own distinctiveness and rights. World-mindedness is as essential as nation-mindedness in the sense that *the true self of a nation is also the whole world.*

Religions have a great role to play in fostering world-mindedness, but especially within their own "religious" circles. Each should stop looking at other religions merely as "other" and start experiencing them also as their very self. Instead of merely affirming each other's right to exist and thus living in peaceful coexistence and dialogue, they might also look upon each other as being a constitutive part of their own being and enter into dia-love. They might try to recover lost dimensions of their own being by participating in each other's world visions, each other's cult, and fostering interfaith living at all levels: interfaith weekends, interfaith marriages, interfaith religious communities, interfaith worship and "sacraments." There can be no world community and peace unless there be a living community between men of different faiths, living not only in respect of each other's differences but also as one body and one soul.

Summing up

The Western vision of man is based on the *distinction* of man from nature, from man, from God. His greatest value is to safeguard this distinction and originality.

The Eastern vision of man is based on the *non-duality* of man with nature, of man with man, of man with God. His greatest value is not to distinguish himself but to lose himself in the whole and for the sake of the whole.

Each is relativised by the other and *the two are complementary*.

If we find it difficult to conciliate the two in our daily lives, let us consider it a blessing of the mystery of life itself which is ever drawing us to itself and ever unfolding its fresh beauty to the spirit of man, at one and the same time.

Consequently, any consideration of "religion and peace" must take these two into consideration if it is to be really true to reality and life.

(Used by permission of the MONCHANIN BULLETIN, where this article was published in the issue for September-October, 1972)

WHISPER IN THE WIND

Dan Kenneth Phillips

And I heard a voice
A voice from the twilight dim
A voice whispering in the wind:

Speak to the lonely
that the tiny tapping of precious tongues
may interrupt their silence with my comforting breath.
Speak to the poor
that the rattle of empty tin cans
might be filled with the riches of my inheritance.
Speak to the dying
The Word that their hope
might see visions of my life.
Speak to the soldier
that his gun
might be turned into a memorial of my love.
Speak to the slave
that his captivity
might be avenged by the freedom of my will.
Speak to the truckdriver
that his wheels
might move the earth in a procession of joy.
Speak to the farmer
that his plow
might twist into the hardened dirt
where he can feel the pain of my heartbeat.
Speak to the planter
that his sowing
might reap the harvest of a lost soul.
Speak to the teachers
that their teaching

might teach of the wonders of my insight.
Speak to the astronaut
that his wings
might grasp the universe
as he explores the handiwork of my creation.
Speak to the sailor
who swims the oceans in metallic boats
of my marvelous miracles.
Speak to the President
that his leadership
might uplift a nation from the fears of despair.
Speak O Man of God
For you are my witness
a witness until death
unto the uttermost corners of the globe
and you will be my light shining in the darkness.

ONE PRAYER

Mary Ann Legacy

God, answer me one prayer,
The joy of knowing love,
The union of it.
A son or daughter
We two shall covet,
And, in spite of faddish sneer,
Guide us with love
Through every year
In a happy, unbroken home,
With old-fashioned atmosphere.
Don't let the unchecked
Brutality of Man
Destroy your Unity of Plan.

RAINBOW SONG *Donalda von Poellnitz*

In wide expanse of rain-washed sky,
Far-off in space, beyond our reach,
A rainbow's wordless melody
More eloquent than mortal speech
In circlet spanning earth and heaven
Proclaims God's covenant with men —
The age-old promise ever new:
No floodshall drown the world again....
In conquering storms of sense, we hear
Love's triumph song, whereby we see
Upon horizon-field of thought
Love's rainbow-sign of victory.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN

Jean Maggio

My mother was recuperating from serious surgery in the Special Care Unit of the hospital, and during this time a priest would stop by to see her each day and give her Communion.

One afternoon, I was sitting with her, and we heard the nurse who was stationed near the door of the Unit say, "But, sir, she's a Catholic." "I know that, miss," a man's voice answered, "and I'm a Baptist minister, but I've known her and her family for over twenty years. I'd like to go in and say hello amd see how she's doing."

On hearing this, I hastened to the door and greeted the minister. I asked the nurse to let him visit with us, and she consented.

Mother and I were sincerely touched by his comforting and thoughtful visit. After all, we were not members of his church and we knew he had traveled forty miles to see us.

Surely, then, this kindly man was living the true Christian life, because, like Christ, he brought comfort and peace to the sick and was not concerned with which church they attended.

DAILY BREAD

Bettie M. Sellers

In my back garden
a tiny spot of grey, ruby-throated,
hovers feeding over a scarlet zinnia.
Darting, drawn along the flame-colored row,
the hummingbird scarce notices me sitting here.
He does not know or care that I, too, feed,
daily drinking full of the scarlet blossoms
and him.

QUEST

William T. Lundberg

Have you ever tried to catch your shadow,
that self of you which lingers outside the bonds of reality,
projected by an ethereal light onto a coarse earth?
It is always a little in front of you,
or a little in back of you,
or a little to one side or another,
that self which is myself.

Oh, to fall to that coarse earth,
catch that illusive wanderer,
struggle with it, absorb it and make it mine,
that I and myself might be one.
And I would shed the tattered rags of my humanity
and run, shadowless in the sun.

"Your faith has saved you; go in peace:"

THE MAN FROM THE SUPERMARKET

Eleanor Ebersole

Let us assume that you or I have gone to a supermarket to pick up something quickly for dinner. Maybe we ran out of coffee, or we need some milk. There we meet a man whom we don't know but who looks like the rest of us. He also has come to the supermarket to buy a few things. He has bought too many, however, for one without a cart.

"Will you reach the milk for me?" he asks.

"Surely," we respond.

The conversation begins, first about the weather, then about the milk. . . .

Let us assume a black woman is picking up milk at the cooler. A white man comes to the cooler. His hands are full. "Will you hand me some milk?" he asks.

"Surely," she responds.

A conversation begins, first about the weather, then the milk. (Or, better still, about thirst and water.) It continues.

"If you knew the gift of God, and who it is saying, 'Give me to drink,' you would have asked him and he would have given you living water."

By the time we leave the supermarket, knowing something of the convincing power of Jesus, we would have said, like the Samaritan woman long ago, "Sir, give me this water, that I may not thirst, nor come here to draw."

Again assume we are giving a dinner party and have invited the man from the supermarket to dinner with some of our other friends. We all want to hear more of the living water the man has been speaking about.

Just when dinner is ready, a high-school friend arrives, a friend whom we would rather forget. She has already been in the

courts several times. She comes into the kitchen with a gift in her hands. She insists on seeing the guest of honor.

We try to stop her. But she is crying softly and making her way to the dining-room. There she seeks out the man from the supermarket. She bends over, crying, and wipes away those tears of hers that have fallen on him, using her own hair.

Everyone is upset by such behaviour. Tomato cocktail is spilled on the rug. Conversation becomes loud and anxious.

During all this, the man lifts the woman's tear-stained face and takes her hands and smiles at her. He accepts her gift.

Then the man from the supermarket turns to the guests and us and tells a story:

"If one of you loaned someone five-hundred dollars and someone else a hundred, and when they could not repay the loan, you forgave them both, which would you love the more?"

"The one forgiven the most," one of us replies.

"Right," he says. "I came into this house, and you did nothing to make me feel at home. In fact, some of you didn't speak to me because you didn't know me. This woman brought me an expensive gift and cried from her need for forgiveness and love."

He turned to the woman, who had stopped crying, and said, "Your faith has saved you; go in peace."

To us he said nothing more. He turned and left. And we feel suddenly alone as we have never felt before.

EPISTLE *Michael Toryfter*

A mover of mountains
Must first become
A lover of mankind.

INNER WISDOM *Michael Toryfter*

The outer path
Ends with questions.
The inner path
Begins with answers.

THOUGHTS ON COOPERATION

Piecemeal, for Those Who Read on the Run

By Marguerite Rompage

Cooperation is usually a good thing.

When cooperation is a good thing, it is ever so much better than competition.

Competition is never good, however attractively clad.

Cooperation is the natural consistent impulse of persons or groups related to each other at the soul level.

Competition is the natural consistent impulse of persons or groups meeting at the personality level.

A personality-focused person or group may try to compete with a soul-oriented person or group; but since the soul side of man does not respond competitively, nothing comes of it.

A soul-oriented person or group may try to engage a personality-focused individual or group in cooperative endeavor, but nothing comes of that either, really.

Two or more personalities may play the cooperation game for mutually selfish ends. If they play fair, both will gain. Cooperation is the true name of the game. In that case, cooperation is not *service*.

Cooperation is good when it serves the larger life, the public good, when it benefits a field larger than the cooperators.

When cooperation benefits only the cooperators, it is less destructive than competition, which is eventually totally destructive. However, cooperation which benefits only the cooperators

is really selfish, self serving, contrary to public welfare, and therefore relatively bad. Because that kind of cooperation is so much less than man's capability for good, it is to that degree degrading.

Cooperation for the general welfare and for the good of the whole is, on the other hand, uplifting, irradiating, inspiring, hastening to humanity's evolution.

Cooperation for the good of the group, the nation, or for humanity is service of the finest kind. It is the most efficient, the most effective, the most fruitful kind of service. It expresses man's innate divinity.

From the above, one may clearly see, will surely clearly see, that all cooperation is not service.

All service is cooperative

Whatever truly serves another individual is, in essence and in effect, cooperative to his soul's intent and supportive of his spiritual calling and helpful to his evolution.

Whatever truly serves the larger life is, in essence and in effect, cooperative with all other efforts that also serve the larger life.

The more selfless the server, the more his efforts will contribute to the achievements and success of other servers, whether or not he knows them or even knows of them.

The more experienced and skilled the server, the more likely is he to be aware of his coservers and the more sensitively will he adapt his motions to theirs *for the sake of the overall good.* This does not necessarily mean that he will do as they do, or do as they say. He may find it advisable to ignore what they say and work in ways quite different from theirs. Nevertheless, if what

he elects to do, serves, and what they elect to do, also serves, he and they will most certainly be cooperating and their cooperation will be service and it will be good.

In these days of slogans and banners and hoopla, the wise lover of the world will discriminate carefully between the many voices calling him.

Service should be given priority over cooperation — for all the reasons set forth above. (Used by permission of ARCANA WORKSHOPS)

SEPULCHRE

Nina Willis Walter

Now there is waiting,
now at the door
gathers the congregation, waiting—
from synagogue, cathedral, mosque,
from temple and pagoda—
waiting...

With fine oblation
or with longing only,
building their various altars,
the people wait.

The light of many candles
shines toward the stone-choked orifice.

Idleness causes problems only work can solve. -Loreta Inman

TODAY

Stella Craft Trimble

As God turns a new page each morning,
He says, "Look, my child, and see
Here is a bright day dawning,
O, use it well for Me!

Forget the failures of yesterday,
Its stumblings and pain and grief:
Today the blue bird trills a song,
O, turn a brand-new leaf!

Today as you live courageously
And hold your hand in Mine,
You shall see that good alone is power...
This shining day is thine!"

STILL, LET ME HELP

Cherry Van Deusen Pratt

Oh, let me weave!
God's love makes tapestries that I impart
And though I never learned the weaver's art
I know to use all colors from the start
And not deceive!

How can I love
Yet, still, stand color-blind before my king?
Oh, of all races, people, let me sing
Though spent and weak, my love and faith will ring
In song above!

THE HUMANITARIAN

A Story by Mark Halpern

That frosty Christmas Eve should have been more than just the old usual merry one for Roy Brockton, successful middle-aged realtor and one of the wealthiest men in town. That very day, at a luncheon held by the town's leading group, he had been presented with the annual Humanitarian Award for "giving generously of his time and energies on behalf of his fellow man." After a long eulogy by a member of the town's council, the scroll bearing his name and signed by the mayor had been tendered amid hearty applause.

But as Roy Brockton walked briskly through the falling snow of that late afternoon intent on getting to his car in the parking lot a few blocks down, his heart seemed to feel heavier than it ever had in his life. For he knew that this would be the loneliest Christmas he had ever faced: having lost both his wife and his seventeen-year-old son during the past year; the former deceased, and his only child Fred having left home some weeks ago and never returned after an unsuccessful struggle with drugs.

Brockton pulled up the collar of his overcoat against the biting wind. He was just about to pass the musical instrument store on the corner, when he drew up to an abrupt halt as he recognized the tall thin figure of a bearded man of about thirty, who seemed rather scantily dressed for that weather in a pair of tattered jeans and a faded corduroy jacket. The snow was falling on his thick growth of curling light-brown hair while he stood staring as though in a trance at one of the instruments in the windows.

It was Happy Luke, more familiarly known in town as "Happy," a handyman who earned his livelihood by doing odd jobs such as gardening, washing windows, and snow-shoveling. His gaze appeared to be riveted to a large-sized accordion prominently and most attractively displayed against a background of thick folds in blue velvet, the keys sparkling with magic brilliance in the elec-

tric lights. The large wistful eyes of that thin bearded face were strangely childlike in their deep and apparently hopeless yearning for that accordion.

Roy Brockton nodded bitterly to himself as he drew up behind Happy and studied the instrument that meant so much to the younger man. Thank goodness that Happy, who was always broke, could not afford to buy it. The town was well rid of the noisy wheezings and gruntings that used to come from the ailing old accordion that Happy had bought years ago in a pawnshop; it had been ground to bits under the wheels of a passing truck a few days ago when Happy slipped over the icy curb as he started to cross the street, thus having involuntarily released the accordion from under his arm and allowing it to slide out into the middle of the street directly in the path of the oncoming truck. An eyewitness had furnished Brockton with the details.

At that moment Happy Luke turned about from the window and saw Brockton. He nodded with a friendly smile.

Brockton returned the smile with a sarcastic frown. "Thinking of buying that accordion?"

"I'm afraid not," Happy said, still smiling a bit whimsically. "I've priced it. Two thousand dollars. It's out of my reach."

Brockton nodded and said, "It wasn't meant to be sold to a shiftless good-for-nothing.. When are you getting out of town? I've told you time and again, Luke, that this is no place for the likes of you—and that you're a bad influence on our kids. Tell me you're getting out."

Happy only shook his head, the smile still lingering about the corners of his mouth. He said, "You remember I told you the last time you put that question to me that I'm staying here till I get the inner gui dance to leave—just the way I got the inner guidance to come here. It's not what you want, Mr. Brockton—it's not even what I want. Last time we met, I told you what I live by—'Not my will but thine be done, Lord.' Remember?"

Roy Brockton was about to reply heatedly but brought his lips together as he decided it was useless to waste words on the fellow, and resumed his way to the parking lot.

As for Happy, he started homeward after casting a farewell

glance in the direction of the accordion.

When he arrived at his rented tiny weather-beaten cottage just outside the town limits, he took out his key and let himself in. Crossing the front room, which was lit up by the glowing lights of a little Christmas tree, and not even pausing at the hearth to strike up a fire, he moved listlessly on into the bedroom. Without removing his things, he allowed his body to sink wearily upon the bed while letting out a tired sigh.

Something had gone out of him ever since his faithful old accordion had been crushed under the wheels of the truck. He had been in town seven years now and had never failed to accompany the Christmas carolers with his accordion. He had also been sure to visit the wards of the Community Hospital to entertain the sick and crippled. He loved to play for them all, especially for the children, whose rapt happy faces as they listened made his life worthwhile. Nor would he forget the inmates in the Home for the Aged. How they appreciated his playing of their old favorites and also his little acts of juggling and ventriloquism which he had picked up some years ago from a retired old-timer from the circus.

But he hadn't been feeling so good the last few days. Even now his head ached and felt feverishly hot, while all strength seemed gone from his joints. He had been shoveling snow in the cold wind and had begun to perspire, as he recalled now. Could it be he was coming down with the flu, this day of all days, when he knew so many were expecting him, depending on him, to bring some joy into their lives?

He raised his eyes to Heaven. "Please, God, I'm not in the habit of praying for myself—my prayer is almost always 'Not my will but thine be done.' But just this once I pray for myself: May I be in fit condition to make my trip to the hospital—and to the home for the old folks. If I can't play for them—now that I have no accordion—I can at least put on my little amateur acts for them. They have so little to cheer them—please, God."

No sooner had he spoken the last words than the darkened room lit up with a wondrous luminosity. It seemed to Happy that some invisible Divine Presence was there. And as though in his deepest consciousness he seemed to hear these words: "And are

you now praying for *yourself*, my son?"

Somehow it seemed there was a beautiful loving smile of infinite understanding accompanying these words, a smile which he felt but could not see.

He nodded. "Yes, for myself—forgive me, please, forgive me."

There was a long pause. Then came the voice again "In your studying of the Bible, my son, have you not come across the word *elect*—for whose sake the world shall be saved from destruction in these days?"

Happy nodded. "Yes—and I have often wondered who those great and mighty ones could be—perhaps some glorious archangels —or great rulers of nations."

"Nay, my son, the *elect* are the meek who shall inherit the earth—those who have forgotten their egoistic selves in their loving understanding compassion for all humanity, with whom they feel as *one*. The *elect* are the true humanitarians of the world, like yourself. It is for the sake of such as yourself that this world will be saved from destruction. For you, my son, are one of the world's elect humanitarians, of whom it can be said: 'Unknown, unsung, no wealth or fame,/ Unheralded by men;/ But own on High a Hallowed Name,/ Inscribed by Heaven's Pen....' "

With the last word, the luminosity vanished and, with it, the feel of the Presence.

Happy could not believe what he had seemed to hear. He—one of the *elect*—one of the humanitarians for whose sake the world would be saved from the nuclear-bomb destruction that all mankind feared! He raised his fingers to his forehead. It still felt feverish. No doubt he was running a high temperature. And all this strange occurence of the last few minutes—the way the darkened room had become illuminated—the words spoken by the Presence—all brought on, no doubt, by the delirium of his fever. . . .

And at the opposite end of the town, inhabited mostly by those of great wealth, Roy Brockton also was alone with his thoughts in

the sumptuously furnished high-ceilinged living room of his three-story twenty-room mansion. Near the windows was a great Christmas tree reaching to the ceiling and decorated in the costliest and most ornate fashion. But Roy Brockton seemed unaware of it all. He felt so alone. . . . This day of all days, Fred should be here with him. His son should be home. He shook his head disconsolately. Where had he failed Fred? He had given the boy all the comforts and advantages money could buy—everything. And it had all been of no avail. . . .

Here there came to his mind the verses of an anonymous poet which had been quoted by a columnist in the town's newspaper: "When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;/ When health is lost, something is lost;/ When character is lost, everything is lost."

Brockton nodded to himself as he thought of his son. Who knew if Fred was even still alive?

He roused himself from his thoughts as it seemed to him that he heard somebody at the front door turning a key in the lock. His heart began to race. There was only one other person who had a key to that door!

Brockton jumped to his feet. And just then his son entered the room. Fred! It was his boy as he had known him before falling victim to drugs. The old vibrant joyous life was back in those youthful eyes again. Fred had come back to him!

Father and son embraced. And in reply to Brockton's questioning gaze as to what had brought about the amazing cure there came the revelation: "Happy Luke!"

Brockton fell back a step and stood listening as one petrified. Fred went on to tell him how he had heard from some of his classmates that Happy had cured several fellows of the habit—taking them into his little home—keeping them there and praying and meditating with them—paying for their food and whatever else they needed. "He's worked with me the last couple of months—made me believe in myself—gave me the confidence I needed—and together—with God's help—we licked it. I left him this morning. I'm going back to school, Dad. I want to make something of myself—I want to be of some use in the world."

"What do you want to be, son?"

"I'm not sure yet—but whatever it'll be, I want to be a humanitarian like Happy."

Roy Brockton could only stand there and stare at his son—he who had been as one dead and was now alive. He knew he owed it all to Happy, whom he had been hounding all the while to get out of town. He felt a deep revulsion for himself. He, Roy Brockton, the great humanitarian, who hated and persecuted his fellow man. . . .

Grabbing Fred by the arm, he led him out. "Come, son—we've got work to do!"

Lying on the bed in his darkened little bedroom, Happy heard a knock at the door. He got to his feet, went into the living room, switched on the light, and on opening the door, stepped back in astonishment.

Roy Brockton and his son entered, the father carrying the accordion which Happy had been hopelessly longing for as he stood feasting his eyes on its brand new shining splendor in the store window earlier that afternoon.

"Merry Christmas, Happy," Roy Brockton greeted him with a warm cheerful smile. "This is our Christmas gift to you." Then jerking out of his inside overcoat pocket the scroll of his Humanitarian Award, from which he had deleted his own name with an ink eradicator and inscribed Happy Luke's in its place, he held it out towards Happy. "Here," he said. "It gives me great pleasure to present you with this award for the Humanitarian of the Year."

Happy tried to speak, but not a sound could he utter. Tears filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks as he took the scroll into his trembling hands. And all at once it came to him that his head no longer ached or felt hot—and his joints seemed to have regained their strength.

Roy Brockton was beginning to feel uncomfortably embarrassed by it all. Taking hold of Happy's arm, he said: "Come on, let's get going—my car is waiting outside. We're taking you and your accordion to the Community Hospital. Then the Home for the

Aged—and all the other places on your Christmas Eve program. Let's go—there's a big night ahead of us!"

And as they hurried out, Happy holding the accordion pressed close to his heart, he kept shaking his head. To think...the Humanitarian Award. There must be some mistake. Mahatma Gandhi ...Albert Schweitzer...and great souls of their enlightenment...were the real humanitarians. But *he*...Happy....

He shook his head again. Surely he must be dreaming all this. Soon he would wake up...no accordion...no award. Again he seemed to hear the words of the Divine Presence: "Unknown, unsung, no wealth or fame,/ Unheralded by men;/ But own on High a Hallowed Name / Inscribed by Heaven's Pen...."

TWO POEMS *Wally Kennicutt*

1/
Lord of the glittering
galaxies,
come enter my heart
and make me sparkle
with the twinkling
of Your creation.

2/
My time won't wait
(yet the more I hurry,
the less I have).
And yet...
and yet the time won't wait
until I wait
and hear His voice
that says, "Be still and know."

THIS IS FAITH

Jennie P. Shubin

If we could touch faith
it would feel like a hem of a garment.
If we could see faith
it would look like a miracle.
If we could taste faith
it would taste like the Last Supper.
If we could hear faith
it would sound like a Psalm.
If we could live in faith
we'd have the heart of a child.

THIS WAS MY HOPE

Miriam Kessler

This was my hope: To leave some deed, some word behind
That might transcend the ordinariness
Of washing nylons, buying bread;
Something to proclaim: This was a mind,
This was a person
Who felt love and sadness
Yet was not destroyed by these.

But time ran on,
And all I did was live,
Exulting in my minute joys,
Sorrowing sometimes and learning to forgive
The fates for my mortality
And for creating singular, but unsung, me.

SING OUT!

Nicholas S. Hodska

take out the non-singers, put in sopranos,
baritones, bass: insurrectionist

altos. take out the
speakers, set the clear note

of the organ, going round and round;
take out the

mutterers put in the gravel-voiced.

put in: joy, jargon, Jehovah
(take out hemmers and hawers)

take out throat-clearers, leave leaders.
take out crying babies. put in.

let the babies sing on
like the murmuring of unreleased love;

softly softly

let a nightingale, let a golden
canary, trill.

A PRAYER

Eleanor B. Mathews

Grant me the gift of gracious giving
Give me the grace to love and be loved.
Let there be place to do my living
In a heart that's been touched by God.

WHEN EYES GROW DIM *Louise Kidder Sparrow*

Louise Kidder Sparrow

Not in some distant legendary heaven,
Nebulous and undefined,
Not always in my wandering mind,
Not in some distant legendary heaven;

Thy healing Power is in my hands,
Laid gently on my dimming eyes;
Thy spirit in their spirit lies,
Thyself within myself expands!

O God! Thy Power within me flows,
For I am Thee, and Thou art me —
— Created and infused by Thee,
Thy very Self within me glows!

Thus we are never far apart,
I speak with Thee who art so near,
Not only in the atmosphere,
But in the beating of my heart!

O God, my Maker! who doth stay
And dwell in every human soul —
—In mine, in thine, the Start, the Goal —
Thou art in both — the Light, the Way!

Thus when I lay my hands on eyes
That slowly seem to blur and dim,
Thy Power in me as once in Him —
It is Thy Hand that on them lies.

THOU ART IN ME! Not far away
In distant legendary skies!

TUNING IN ON GOD

Henry J. Gernhardt

Life has a strange way of isolating a person. One need not be shipwrecked on an uninhabited island. One can be lost in a crowd, knowing no one. A keen sense of one's need for God can happen anywhere, anytime, unexpectedly.

Consider the heart cry of Job: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him! That I might come even to His seat!"

Far too many never pray unless calamity, crisis, or extremity causes them to cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Whatever it may be that motivates to consider God or call upon Him is very valuable.

"Man never rises higher than when on his knees." Whatever may cause you to "tune in on God" is a thrust to the higher and better way for and of life.

"Prayer is the greatest unused power available to man." It is a way of life not an emergency opportunity.

"The great souls that have pierced the mystery and perfected the mastery of life have been much alone with God."

Jesus admonished people, saying: "Men ought always to pray and not to faint."

Prayer was the very fountainhead of Jesus' person, utterance, and action. He was and is the epitome of prayer. His life is prayer and prayer is his life. Prayer is or may be ours also if we dare to make prayer our life and life our prayer.

Prayer is vital communication with the Supreme Reality. Prayer is the means of cooperation with the Life, the Truth, the Way; the Might, Mind, and Method of being.

Prayer is personal involvement, direct communication with the Authority, Reality, Truth, and Power of all that was, is, or shall be.

TUNE IN, GET INVOLVED, PARTICIPATE in the Realm of God.

FAITH *Marion J. Richardson*

Faith lives
in the little bird,
even when snow
still lingers,
he sings of spring.

POEM

Marjorie A. Smith

Dear God, Creator,
A clean, new fresh day is here.

I turn it to You and Jesus
With thanks, praise.

To You, my thoughts,
Writing, speech, actions.

I am not perfect,
As Your only Son, Jesus Christ.

But to live, I try,
According to the Gospel Holy.

If I become confused,
I think on how Jesus lived.

He preached, witnessed,
And along the way, helped.

He took time, cared,
Never worried, or complained.

NOTICES AND COMMENT

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES announces the resignation of Nelson Bengston and the election of the following three new members:

MRS. HARRIETT CONNOR is currently editor of *Praying Hands,* the magazine published by James L. Jenks, Jr. Born in Plymouth, Mass., Mrs. Connor was educated in Plymouth schools. She received scholarships to both Wellesley and Radcliffe but chose to attend Boston University because of her interest in journalism, in which she took her degree. She worked for *The Boston Transcript* and later for Little, Brown, publishers. She spent ten years at WRUL, beginning during World War II when that was the only radio voice penetrating Europe. After that, she was with the Boston News Bureau and, as she says, then "somehow got into antiques" and had a shop of her own in Winchester. At this point Mr. Jenks asked her to edit his magazine. "I did," she writes, "and it has been the most wonderful experience—an enriching one—an uplifting one." In her spare time Mrs. Connor makes stained-glass medallions.

EMILY SARGENT COUNCILMAN has been a member of FIP since 1963, serving as an Advisor from the Southern Zone and later as a Contributing Editor. Graduating with a Bachelor of Music degree from Salem College, she taught at the State School for the Blind in Raleigh, N. C. After marrying the Reverend Robert L. Councilman, she helped him serve several North Carolina communities before they settled finally in Burlington. Leading such an active life and raising a daughter, she wrote only intermittently. But, she says, "in the era of my grandchildren," she has had her work published in many publications, *Christian Century* and *Christianity Today, Baptist Student, Music Ministry, Arizona Highways, Flame Annual, American Bard,* and of course *Fellowship in Prayer.* Her first book of poems—*Bird On A Green Bough*—was published in 1966. Her writing is a part of her deep and continuing concern for spiritual life today. One aspect of this, which FIP especially values, has been her founding during the past year of a new prayer group in Burlington.

ROBERT L. COUNCILMAN attended city schools in Burlington, where he grew up, and then Campbell College, Wake Forest University, from which he got his B.A., and then Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, from which he received his Th.M. He did additional study at Duke University and Bowman Gray School of Pastoral Counseling. During seminary days, he served several pastorates in Kentucky and, before his retirement in 1969, eight in North Carolina. He is now actively engaged in pastoral counseling, visitations, interdenominational communication and action, as well as serving on occasion as supply pastor at churches in and around Burlington and at his home church, First Baptist of Burlington. He is also chaplain of Burlington's Police Department. Always active in cooperation with his denominational organizations and with interfaith movements, he has maintained, first of all, the approach of genuine concern and love for all people as individuals.

NEW ADVISORS. Fellowship in Prayer is happy to announce the appointment of two new Advisors:

From the Southern Zone comes MRS. CHARLES OAKS, of Burlington, N.C., who is a busy teacher there and has been helpful to the Fellowship in many generous ways—most recently in the formation of FIP's new prayer group in Burlington.

And from the Foreign Zone has come JOHN AKPAN IMAH, of Nigeria, who with the help of many friends has founded a group there too.

THE PASSING OF AN ADVISOR. Mrs. Malvin B. Wallace, of Merion, Pennsylvania, died suddenly at her home of a heart attack on December 20. She was the mother of Executive Director and Editor Paul Griffith. Until failing health Mrs. Wallace was an active advisor of the Fellowship; secretary of the Merion Civic Association; served as president of the Philadelphia Girl Scouts for many years; and had long been an active member and worker of the Overbrook Presbyterian Church, where funeral services were held on Saturday, December 23, 1972. Mrs. Wallace will be greatly missed by all who knew her. The Fellowship extends deep sympathy to her family.

FIP's LIBRARY. Philosophical Library, Inc., of New York City, has sent copies of four new books which are available to members wishing to borrow them. They are: *Dictionary of American Philosophy* edited by St. Elmo Nauman, Jr., and *Classics in Chinese Philosophy,* an anthology of representative selections edited by Wade Baskin; *You Can't Steal First Base,* sermons by Charles Granville Hamilton; and *Handbook of Reason,* the latest philosophical work of Dagobert Runes.

NEW LIBRARIAN. Gordon Belding has been appointed as the Fellowship's librarian. A longtime friend and supporter of FIP, Mr. Belding will catalogue the library, which has grown greatly in recent years.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER is published six times a year (in February, April, June, August, October, and December).

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THE SPECTRUM OF CHRISTMAS

Michaelina Buonocore

'Tis a time to renew the spirit
to launch new gallant adventures
'Tis a time for quiet contemplation
to evaluate the quality of life
'Tis a time of consuming desire
to heal remissness and transgressions
'Tis a time to seek new meaning to the heart's yearnings
to replenish man's image of immortality
'Tis a time of deep joyousness belonging to human love
to strengthen the bond of love between man
'Tis a time of wonder and exultation in the new-born Hope
to never forget in thought and deed
'Tis a time for man, God's most perfect creation
to actively participate in the universal plan
'Tis a time for men of peace and goodwill to unite
to share in the service and glory of The Infinite.

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SWEET WINDS BLOW

Rafael de Las Casas

Leaves are irretraceables
and snowflakes charms,
in the tropic Capricorn—
where the bandit sun
environs the earth.
Hey! I am tomorrow's song;
the age of timeless understudies—
a vine spring of moons,
as if we could incalculably
verify, with this witch
we call fate, and make
an identity of
their intransigent positions.
World. . .
that someone's relevant style,
I can strap upon my arm,
and befret time. . .
as if I were of blackness, concept
in the ideology of the blind;
or a watch. . .
the plutocracy of confinement:
an assembly of screws.
Where but are these solipsists,
and we only their extaneities.
What hand fingers
the compass of their souls. . .
Who dare to call
the destiny that sweet windsblow, life.